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THE ACADEMY last week contained an article entitled: "DR. LYTTELTON'S CONSCIENCE."

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## Notes of the Week

## The War

RUSSIA is making immense headway on the Austrian side of the Carpathians. The struggle for the ice-bound ridges was titanic, but in every case went in favour of the Russians. The Austrians have suffered heavy losses and have been completely nonplussed by the daring strategy of the Grand Duke. Von Hindenburg, kept busy to the west of the Niemen, is unable to lend material assistance, and the complete collapse of Austria at any moment would not be surprising. On the West the British, though not inactive, have had a comparatively quiet time, but the French have scored important points in the neighbourhood of Verdun and St. Mihiel. As the Germans themselves admit the serious nature of the French offensive and seek to make it appear that the progress of the French is only a set off to their failure in the Champagne—a failure of which the French are happily unconscious—we may take it that the progress has been considerable. One of the most disturbing events of the week was the attack by the Bulgarians on a Serbian outpost. If Bulgaria were responsible it would mean that she was prepared to lend a hand in favour of Austria, but it now appears that the attack was instigated by Turks—an explanation which throws a suggestive and wholly intelligible light on the incident.

## Men, Moral and Material

The confidence with which France faces the future of the war is reflected in every line of the Official Review, published in instalments during the last week or two. Six months of war have made serious inroads on German strength in men, in moral and in material, and there can be little doubt that if the Allies choose they can break the German line. The time for that perhaps is hardly yet. France has perfected her

organisation, British reinforcements have arrived in great numbers, and even the unhappy Belgians are quite a considerable fighting unit. Germany has suffered serious wastage until the French maintain that where they were inferior in numbers and material at the beginning of the war they are now in a position of superiority, and the course of events must be to increase that superiority. A long array of considerations is brought to bear in support of this view; the French soldier has come to believe himself more than a match for the German, and "our final victory," says the Official Review, "must follow by the imperious necessity of the concordant force of facts and figures"—a phrase of which we think we see the meaning.

## Submarine Prisoners

At the very moment when America was denouncing the sinking of unarmed liners with non-combatant passengers and crew on board as "murder, not warfare," and characterising the cold-blooded attack on the *Falaba* as a worse outrage than the worst reported of German action in Belgium, the American Ambassador was called upon to make Germany's protest against the refusal of the British Government to treat submarine crews as honourable opponents. Germany says that for every one of her submarine officers or crew who is not accorded the proper treatment of a prisoner of war she will institute reprisals against a British prisoner. Sir Edward Grey's answer is crushing in its simplicity. Submarine prisoners are kept apart from other prisoners of war, but are in no sense ill-treated, and whatever the limitations imposed are treated better than ordinary British prisoners in Germany. The fact that such men are carrying out the piratical instructions issued by their Government does not make them any more honourable: it only emphasises the crime of their Government against civilisation.

## The American View

America's reply to the British Order in Council establishing a sort of blockade of German coasts and of certain neutral ports which are undoubtedly German feeders, is a direct challenge of our right to do anything of the sort. The Order in Council is described as a distinct invasion of neutral rights, and as instituting a course of action without precedent in modern warfare. As though all precedent had not been cast to the four cardinal winds by the enemy! However, the Note is quite friendly and recognises British difficulties in view of the methods of German frightfulness. America is quite confident that Great Britain will do all that is possible to minimise the inconvenience to which neutral commerce is subject and be prepared to "make full reparation for every act which under the rules of international law constitutes a violation of neutral rights." Apparently the British Government has interpreted its own Order in a spirit which minimises difficulties not only for neutrals, but for the enemy. Judging by correspondence just published, it adheres to the view that cotton should not be stopped. Yet cotton is essential to the manufacture of ammunition. If Germany is in free receipt of

cotton, as would appear, we may well ask what was the real object of the Order in Council?

#### Socialists and Militarism

Much pernicious nonsense was talked by the Socialists in conference at Norwich; there is less sanity as there is less patriotism about the British than about the German Socialist. Most of the German Socialists hate the war, as all decent people hate it, but they at least do not attempt to undermine the position of their own Government, wrong-headed as it has proved itself to be in every direction. The chief glimmer of sense which pierces the dark and stark absurdities of the Independent Labour Party propaganda is the admission that, but for the supremacy of the British Navy, no Socialist conference would have been possible at Norwich. Mr. Jowett's presidential address supported the Union of Democratic Control ideal and promised that after the war "never again would the witch's cauldron of secret diplomacy brew the war broth of Hell for mankind." Germany is to be brought into line. Militarism cannot be crushed by militarism, we are assured. The great German people are to be educated to understand that militarism and secret diplomacy are twin curses. In a word, the Socialist sets himself the task of undoing all that Treitschke and his disciples have achieved. It will be a big step forward, but it will only succeed if the Allies first convince the German people that Prussian militarism is a mistake.

### The Prime Minister and a "Man of Letters"

WHILE Germany has been busy heaping honours and gifts upon the author of the "Hymn of Hate," England, headed by the Prime Minister (and not to be outdone) has been paying what we take for granted is a well-deserved tribute to a "Man of Letters." We are in the middle of a distinctly unpleasant war and we had fondly imagined that the thoughts and energies of all sections of society were centred on higher things than mere letters. Indeed, we had been led to believe that the writing-man was at a distinct discount just now excepting in so far as he could school himself to emulate Mr. Harold Begbie and turn out war verses which were calculated to swell Lord Kitchener's armies. But we discover to our immense relief that we have been entirely mistaken, and that the priest-like tasks of the children of Apollo are not only still being faithfully performed, but suitably rewarded. In the midst of the strains and stresses of Armageddon England has found opportunity to do honour to a Man of Letters by handing him an address signed by the flower of her culture, and accompanied by a pretty gift of no less than seven hundred pounds, raised by subscription among the said signatories. We venture to reproduce the address—which has already been printed in the London morning papers:

We whose names are set down below claim to be

counted among your friends, or at least your admirers. We desire in the first place to state publicly our recognition of your services to Art and Literature. You have long been distinguished for the justice and courage of your writings, and you have illuminated the expression of your views with humour and resource.

Your work as a Man of Letters, however, is but a small part of the useful energy which you have shown in many directions. You have been conspicuous for the generosity with which you have put yourself at the disposal of all who claimed your sympathy or your help. You have been one of the earliest amongst us to observe new talent, and one of the most zealous to encourage it.

By these qualities you have earned what we here desire to record, our esteem and regard for one who has proved a brave, loyal, and devoted friend.

The signatories number three hundred, and only considerations of space prevent us from printing the whole list. In addition to the Prime Minister they include Sir James Barrie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Lawrence Binyon, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Lord Dunsany, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Henry James, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, and the Earl of Plymouth as well as Mr. More Adey, Mr. Frank Hird, Mr. Sidney Dark, Mr. Harold Child, Sir George Lewis, Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard, Mr. Reginald Turner, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Taxeira de Mattos, and many more besides. It will be seen that even as the address is couched in terms of esteem, respect and affection, the signatories as a body are distinguished, influential and powerful.

And now we take it the reader will be on tiptoe to know the name of the Man of Letters whose work has drawn from his fellow countrymen such a useful tribute and such a cheerful seven hundred pounds. All sorts of names will fly to the lips of those who are good at riddles and we could venture to give them twenty guesses with the certainty of all twenty being wrong. Let us look round on our men of letters and try. Is it Mr. Kipling? No. Is it Mr. Clement Shorter? Certainly not. Is it Dr. Bridges? No, my child. Is it A, B, C, D, E, F, or G, right down to Mr. Zangwill? The "noes" have it again. Then who in the name of all the patriotic funds may it be? Not to tantalise you further we will say right out that the Man of Letters who has received this encouraging address and for whose use and benefit seven hundred pounds has been subscribed at a moment when we are said to be short of shrapnel, is none other than Mr. Robert Ross. It will be noted that Mr. Ross has "long been distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings," and he has "illuminated (illuminated is the word) the expression of his views with humour and resource." We have been at pains to hunt up a list of Mr. Ross's literary performances, and we find that they consist of a "Life of Charles Robert Maturin" in collaboration with More Adey (one of the signatories),

published in 1892, a short monograph on Aubrey Beardsley published 1908, and a collection of fugitive papers published under the title of "Masks and Phases," in 1909. We have looked through these three works and we are free to state that they might have been written by a "Man of Letters" whose courage was a doubtful quantity, while the only "humour and resource" we have been able to discover lies in the title of the third tome, namely "Masks and Phases." We shall not pursue Mr. Ross's work as a "Man of Letters" further excepting to point out that if it entitles him to an address signed by the Prime Minister of England and all the talent of the time, stiffened, as it were, with seven hundred golden sovereigns, there are men of letters walking about London who are clearly entitled to votes of approval from both Houses of Parliament and immediate cash to almost any amount.

And that our readers may not miss the real effulgence of this marvel, it is our duty to mention that so far as the seven hundred pounds is concerned Mr. Ross has waved it from before him and prefers that it should be devoted to a public object, namely, the foundation of a "Robert Ross" scholarship in the Slade School of Fine Art at University College, London, which, on the face of it, shows that Mr. Ross is not in need of the money, and that the signatories have been a little superfluous in subscribing it. We do not have the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Ross, and we have no desire to take the bloom from his plums. But in the interests of letters we venture to ask the Prime Minister, or Sir James Barrie, or Mr. Archer, or Mr. Lawrence Binyon, or Mr. Thomas Hardy, or Mr. Edmund Gosse to explain to the literary public in these columns upon what grounds it is asserted that Mr. Ross has "long been distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings," and "has illuminated the expression of his views with humour and resource," and what works or writings the signatories precisely mean when they refer to Mr. Ross's "work as a Man of Letters"?

Lastly, we will ask the signatories in the lump to tell us whether they consider that the "useful energy" Mr. Ross has shown "in many directions" other than those of literature, embraces his recent unsuccessful prosecution of two other Men of Letters at a place called the Old Bailey.

### On Ceremonial

**N**OTHING is more deeply engrained in human nature than the love of ceremony. The whole of childhood is a stage on which the small occupants are incessantly and consciously playing parts; the games of the alley and the nursery alike partake far more of the nature of ritual than of mere amusement. This love of ceremonial, of elaborate processions, of festal days, of simple actions turned into symbolic

ceremony by the wand of romance is as characteristic of the youth of nations as of childhood; it was an everyday inspiration to the Greek and Roman, as it is to the colour-worshipping Oriental of to-day; it is only when persons and countries grow middle-aged, when the enthusiasm of youth is overlaid by the satiety of experience that they seek to be amused, that they can no longer play the delightful games of make-believe, or revel in the quaint fancies and half-revealed truths that are enshrined in ceremonial. Nothing affords a completer argument against materialism than the attitude of the child; to him the toy is rarely what it appears to be; it is the outward semblance of a hundred interests, one of which particularly attracts him at the moment—a block of wood may stand for a soldier, a house, a lion, a railway train, or even for an abstract idea; it may be the centre of a train of thought that embraces the whole store of his infant knowledge. And the joy of nursery and alley alike is centred in acts of ceremonial, in the keeping of birthdays, of Christmas, of Sunday-school treats, of all the special ordinances that differentiate a red-letter day from an ordinary one; it is not the cost of the gifts or the stateliness of the celebrations which makes their value; it is the charm of the ritual attaching to them, around which imagination plays.

In this the child is father to the man. The person really to be envied is he to whom the whole of existence is a sacrament, who maintains the power of living the ideal life alongside of its prosaic routine, who sees symbolic meanings in all the apparent commonplaces of life. It was to foster this attitude of mind that man invented ceremonial. Those nations who have lived most fully, and have most fully appreciated the poetry of life, have coloured life with frequent rites and ceremonies. Always they recognised man's craving for joy, for music and beauty, for a share in the rhythm and pageant of Nature.

The Feast of Easter that we have been keeping this week is a survival of the ancient creed of beauty. It is a ceremony whose origin is lost in the mists of a past to which we have no means of access, put as far back as literature and tradition will take us; in the ancient religious ceremonies, and in the legends enshrined in them of a much earlier date, there existed the festival of the springtide with its attendant rites, through which run the same sentiments and ideals as in the great Christian Feast of to-day.

In the land of Greece, many centuries before the opening of our era, rites were celebrated at this season whose origin was legendary, so remote were they and veiled in the obscurity of the past. They sprang from that curious form of worship which identified the visible things of Nature with those invisible forces that sway and mould mankind, so that rivers and seas became gods, beneficent or vindictive in their power to wreck ships and blast human lives, or to water peacefully the valleys and flocks of a pastoral race; in the same way the winds, the Spring with its powers of resurrection, the vintage of autumn, the lightnings that devastated the forests, the very springs that rose

on the hillsides and gathered strength as they rushed towards the populated valleys, became deities of local or international importance. Such a host of gods, of powers that were recognised as seriously affecting the welfare of man, brought in their train a wealth of ceremonial, of feast days and sacrifices, of ritual appropriate to the deity desirable of propitiation. Vestiges of this still linger in our festivals, in harvest homes, in saints' days, in marriage and funeral ceremonies, in many civic and pastoral customs.

In particular in this present Feast of Easter, changed as it is in character by the transitions through which it has passed in the sensuous Jewish ritual and the more ascetic spiritualism of Christianity.

Originally it was one of the festivals of the great god Dionysus, a mysterious chameleon-like deity, who was the spirit of Nature and its incarnation, but who appeared in many guises and was the hero of many festivals, one of his personifications and the most popular being that of Bacchus, god of the vintage, the very essence and centre of festive ceremonial. About him there clung something terrible, for all his grace. In his character of Spring God he was associated with suffering, vaguely defined but agonising, from which, however, he always emerged triumphant. The sufferings of Dionysus lay at the root of the old Greek conception of tragedy, as something inevitable, full of pain and horror, yet the will of the gods and pangs which presaged the birth of beauty. To-day we see in them the parable of the winter and the coming of spring that we associate with Eastertide, and which in the Christian legend have crystallised into a more personal sorrow with its after-fruits of joy—more idealised in character, but containing the same eternal truth, wrapped as it yet is in a veil of mystery, impenetrable and not to be understood by the limited human intellect. It is the resurrection of Life from Death, of beauty from decay and desolation, the eternal hope that links man to a belief in his immortal destiny.

The first ceremonies of the Spring were always relative to death. In the Dionysian festivals they were propitiatory, a memory of the sufferings of the god; in the Jewish Passover they were a supplication for deliverance from the avenging power of death; in the Good Friday rites the great sacrifice which should abolish death is celebrated. But whether kept with solemn dance and outpoured libation, by the Paschal supper eaten ceremonially as pilgrims, or with the trappings of black and ritual cakes marked with the emblem of the Cross, the meaning is the same.

It is the invocation of humanity to the high powers against the blight of mortality, against suffering and gloom; it is a remembrance of death at the season when hope mounts highest in the veins. The Feast of Easter has always been associated with splendour. It is the festival of Life, of joy and sunshine and springing flowers, when Dionysus came into his own, and the spirit of Nature became identified with the spirit of life. To this day we dress our churches in garlands, and in our gardens wave great clusters of

the fragrant narcissus, reminiscent of the slim Greek youth who lost his life for very love of his own beauty, but who sprang up again in a myriad lovely blooms, proving the truth of the Easter tradition that beauty cannot perish. Most of the ancient rites pertaining to the season have lapsed, but two remain, the hot cross bun of the city, and the Good Friday custom, immemorial to country gardens, of planting seeds on that particular day. Its significance is dimmed, faded with the fragrance of the burial spices. Those who practise it see only the fortuitous combination of a holiday and the season for seed-growing, but behind it still lies the Easter symbolism, of the precious seed, committed to the ground in faith, in due season to blossom, to bear fruit, for bread and for gladness of heart.

Happy is the country which preserves its love of ceremonial, which can enrich the lives of its people by picture and procession, by glowing symbolism and Nature worship, by an imagery that translates the common acts of life into deeds full of precious commemoration and sacramental beauty.

## The Scientific Knowledge of Dante

**T**HIS subject, touched upon intermittently by Dante students, has never been exhaustively treated. Dr. Lloyd-Roberts, in a recent lecture (delivered before the members of the Manchester Dante Society at the University and now printed in Bodonian types by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes), gives in almost every instance proofs so convincing that it is worth our while to examine them. In his introductory remarks the learned doctor informs us that "before a Florentine could be admitted to citizenship, so as to qualify him for civic and other public duties, it was necessary that he should be enrolled as a member of one of the great guilds of the city." Thus "Dante's choice fell upon the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, the craftsmanship of which he knew the most." It is interesting at this juncture to observe that in a recent number of the *Giornale Dantesco* (Vol. XXI, Quad I) Professor Frati describes a document discovered by him in the State archives at Bologna (of this Dr. Roberts could not, of course, have had cognisance), from which it appears that Brunetto Latini—Dante's reputed master—had qualified himself as a *spesiale* (apothecary). The professor surmises that Dante may have been induced by his tutor's example to do likewise. Subsequently the lecturer—and this is an important point—tries to prove that the great poet attended the University of Bologna, "the greatest seat of learning in the age and time of Dante."

The authorities quoted by the lecturer are Boccaccio, "somewhat unjustly regarded as a Romancer," Villani, and, in our own times, Dr. Corrado Ricci, who in his essay "Dante allo Studio di Bologna" proves conclusively (Dr. Roberts thinks) that Dante was at Bologna in 1287 when a young man of 22, and again

after his exile. He therefore purposes, as he says, to discuss a few of the scientific subjects that Dante must have studied, and with such marvellous results: "His intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of mind and matter is repeatedly shown in his works, by allusions to the hidden workings of the processes of Nature, which he elucidates with all the prophetic vision of genius endowed with an intelligence well-nigh omniscient and capable of interpreting the fundamental principles which underlie Nature's manifestations. To this end does he place under contribution the collective knowledge of his epoch, comprising medicine (which, of course, includes pathology, embryology, and physiology), psychology, zoology, botany, astronomy, and physical geography, as well as incidentally the arts of music and painting." Dr. Roberts contends that Dante must have made a special study of medicine, and in particular of pathology, and says that a careful study of Dante's works has given him the impression that, "if the poet had devoted himself wholly to medical science, his name would have come down to us as one of its greatest exponents." As it is, in his delineation of some of the fundamental principles of science, continues Dr. Roberts, he astonishes us with his penetration, perspicacity, and breadth of knowledge. "In many instances, in propounding scientific truths, as in discoursing on the various diseases that afflict the condemned spirits in hell, he is so accurate in his description that, as Professor Segri, of Rome University, affirmed, 'the poet may indeed be said to put to shame the most learned nosological treatises of the present time.'"

Here the lecturer dilates on the extreme simplicity of the remedies employed by physicians in the time of Dante "as contrasted with the poli-pharmacy that was rampant in a later century, when the prescriptions were not only remarkable for the multiplicity of the ingredients, but perhaps even more for their fantastic and even disgusting character." Respecting the simple nature of the remedies used in the age of Dante, Dr. Roberts gives a most convincing example from Chapter IX (III treatise) of the "Convivio," lines 154-155 (Oxford edition). Afterwards he quotes many passages from the "Commedia," and comments at length upon Dante's wonderful scientific doctrine enunciated in Canto XXV of the "Purgatorio," lines 37-108 inclusive, which is nothing less than a dissertation on "the generation of the vegetative and sensitive soul, both of which are evolved out of the potentiality of the substance." The poet ends his arguments by demonstrating how the embryo, from being a mere animal, becomes endowed with a rational soul:—

"... si move e sente

Come fungo marino; ed indi imprende  
Ad organar le posse ond' è semente."

Dr. Roberts corroborates his statements by quoting Dr. Barlow, the famous Dantist, who says: "To appreciate the physiological science shown by Dante in his masterly *r  sum  * of the formation and development of a human being, from the first mysterious movings of embryonic life to the completion of the foetal economy

and the birth of an immortal soul, we must go back to that period when little or nothing more was known of the function of generation than what had been said by Aristotle, and repeated by his commentator Averrho  s." We should have liked Dr. Roberts to dwell at length on psychology, a science of comparative modern growth, and the part that Dante assigned, perhaps unconsciously, to this important branch of mental philosophy, as evidenced by the "Vita Nuova," but, of course, in a necessarily brief paper it is impossible to deal exhaustively with every subject.

The view that Dr. Roberts takes of Dante's knowledge of aeronautics might appear untenable to the uninitiated, but Cantos XXI and XXV of the "Inferno" must be read very carefully before attempting any criticism. For versatility and breadth of genius Dante can only be compared to Leonardo, who, as Walter Pater tells us in his essay on that wondrous man "anticipated long before—by rapid intuition—the later ideas of science." We know, in fact, that Leonardo had devised a flying machine, as seen in one of his albums of sketches. As to Dante's knowledge of astronomy, Dr. Roberts says that it can be inferred from the cosmography of the divine comedy "one of the grandest conceptions that the human mind ever imagined." He refers students to Dr. Moore's essay in "Studies, 3rd Series," from which the following significant passage should also have been quoted: "In whatever direction we sound the depth of Dante's wonderful knowledge and culture, we gain the same impression that it is as profound as it is varied and extensive."\* Finally, Dr. Roberts examines briefly "Qu  stio de Aqua et Terra," a most learned treatise on physical geography, attributed, and rightly so, to Dante, which the majority of Italians and English scholars no longer consider spurious.

Dr. Gardner, the eminent Dantist, whom I had the privilege of meeting a few days ago, confessed that at one time he considered the essay a forgery, yet latterly his opinion has somewhat changed, although, owing to pressure of work, he has not had the time to devote his attention to the internal evidence afforded by the "Qu  stio." Dr. Lloyd-Roberts, who has shown "grande amore" for the works of the divine poet, will, I am sure, be pleased to know that Shakespearean studies are pursued with great eagerness in Italy, as witnessed by the labours of Garanda, Chiarini, Segri, Diego Angeli, and others, and that the immortal masterpieces of the British Bard are far more frequently performed in Italy than here in England, thanks to the famous interpreters we have had from Vestri, M  dona, to Rossi, Ristori, Salvini, down to Zaccone and Novelli of our own day.

ETRUSCO.

\* W. Warren Vernon, commenting in his famous "Readings" upon Canto IX of the "Paradiso," line 84 "La maggior valle," etc., quotes the following from a discussion by Antonelli, the astronomer: "Dante opens this passage with a conception which seems almost like a discovery in our times, namely, that the so-called basins of the seas are nothing more than valleys a little more depressed than on the mainland."

## REVIEWS

### From Sea-Waif to Author

*Recollections.* By FRANK T. BULLEN. With Portrait. (Seeley, Service and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

FEW men, probably, as their life lengthens, can say that they have carried out the career they planned in youth; most of us, "though doubly seconded with will and power," suffer the buffets of circumstance and find ourselves making the best of things. So it was with the writer of this book of odd memories. Until he was eight years old, he lived in a sheltered home, an unnoticed child among the thousands of Paddington, watching the trains for recreation; then he was thrown upon the streets for three years; at the age of eleven he became a "sea-waif," and fifteen years after left the sea, having reached the rank of first mate, to take up a clerkship on shore. At forty-two, scarcely ever having known any real happiness or prosperity, he resigned his two-pound-a-week situation and became journalist, lecturer, and author, and at fifty-seven—last February—he died.

There are sad little phrases in this last volume of his which show that Mr. Bullen felt premonitions that the end was not far away. He had retired from active life; he suffered much; but his spirit held cheery revels even then, and he was consoled by the recurring knowledge that almost wherever he had gone, all over the world, he had made friends who remembered him gratefully. His "Recollections" are the lightest of fare, with little value to those who desire moralising or philosophising; but to all who would have a glimpse of an indomitable energy, a humorous outlook, persevering in spite of all difficulties, the book will prove a treasure. During his last three or four years of lecturing he seemed so ill as he "crawled gaspingly up the steps" of the hall that he often heard the exclamation: "Why, Mr. Bullen, you'll never be able to lecture to-night!" But he always managed to fulfil his contract, though at times he could hardly speak for coughing. His experiences are probably those of almost any popular lecturer, but few men could tell them so racily, or store such a fund of amusing anecdotes. One of the most laughable incidents occurred in a railway carriage on the way to Manchester, when the train was late; there was one other passenger, with whom since the start he had not exchanged a word. Bullen grew fidgety, and at last said: "Excuse me, sir, but do you mind if I change my clothes? I am due to lecture at the Athenaeum at eight, and I fear I have made a mistake in the train." Consent was given instantly, but the comedy that followed, as the train gathered speed and threw the lecturer, entangled in various articles of clothing, about the compartment, reduced his fellow-traveller to exhaustion. "Well, sir," he gasped, "I've never laughed so much in all my life, and I'll come to hear you, for I feel anxious to know how such a preparation will affect you." The climax came when he was met after the lecture by his

new acquaintance, who carried him off to his favourite hotel and insisted upon paying the bill as some recognition of "the jolliest half-day's entertainment" he had ever known. Once, in Wales, a packed audience of miners received him in chilling silence, and he was afraid he had not pleased them; his host reassured him pleasantly by the information that "very few of the chaps understand English"! Perhaps his most thrilling hour was on the quarter-deck of a battleship on a perfect evening in the Bay of Biscay, when he lectured to the ship's company:

Amidst a deep thunder of applause, I mounted the platform. But for at least a minute I was unable to speak. The magnificence of the whole scene overwhelmed me. I looked down upon nearly 800 young men, the fine flower of our race, whose shrewd, strong faces looked keenly expectant, but all kindly towards me. I looked around at the mighty ship in all her beauty of strength and cleanliness, upon her seven gigantic sisters lying motionless in their exact stations near, at the soft splendours of the evening sky and silken, many-coloured sea, and I felt truly that, although such a moment comes to a man but once in his lifetime, he cannot then appreciate all its wonders. I did not attempt to lecture. I just fell back upon the well-known vernacular and talked pure sailor, giving them all the yarns in my budget that were appropriate. . .

Great was his reward in the enthusiastic reception he had, for the sailors welcomed him as one of themselves, and the cheers rang out across the silent ocean.

We have said enough to show that the book is entertaining in the best sense. There are chapters on "Chairmen," "Secretaries," "Hospitality," and other matters pertaining to the platform career, all full of breezy stories; those who have heard Mr. Bullen lecture will be reminded vividly of his personality, and those who never heard him will gain some idea of his power, his tact, and the difficulties which he overcame.

### Pride—and a Fall

*Life and Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* By ARTHUR TURNBULL. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

SINCERITY is a valid excuse for many failures in various spheres, but we have long ago arrived at the conclusion that it does not excuse poor literary criticism, and that decision is emphasised by the reading of this little book on the work of Lord Tennyson. The only possible justification for another volume on this theme is the possession either of new and interesting information concerning the poet himself, or of a fresh and brilliant critical outlook combined with an arresting skill in expression; the author before us owns neither of these qualifications, though he patronises those who in the past have interpreted Tennyson—Mr. Arthur Waugh, for instance—successfully. The profound self-confidence with which persons with no critical aptitude, no penetration, and style of the poorest description will rush into print upon matters either well worn or completely beyond their grasp is astonishing. Grammar,

composition, and niceties of language do not appeal to Mr. Turnbull at all, it seems. Of Tennyson's tour to Switzerland in 1846 he writes, after stating that the poet "went along with" Moxon, the publisher: "The travellers next visited Mainz, Worms, Mannheim, Kehl, Basle, and thence to Lucerne, where he met an agreeable young lady to whom he quoted Goethe, and she spouted *William Tell* in return." He speaks of "the eternal order of things in which man, woman, and child are irrevocably fixed up by divine decree." "On his voyage he got the imagery of his finest wave simile. . ." "Arthur is coronated amid great festivities." "Richard Monckton Milnes wrote Tennyson requesting a contribution for a charity book of poetry being got up by Lord Northampton." "Alice, the miller's daughter, is done to the life"—after the preceding examples of English we almost expected "done to a turn." "The Talking Oak is one of those pieces of Tennyson in which his observation of Nature comes in very prominently." "The *Morte d'Arthur* is one of those pieces of poetry of the utmost importance in literature." "After this Tennyson visited London and other parts of England, at which he occasionally wrote a poem." "Tennyson was broached on the acceptance of a peerage, and after some reluctance he accepted it." "It is evident that Tennyson's views of the social world in his late years is interconnected with his brooding over immensity as revealed by modern astronomy." These are a few of the many extraordinary phrases of one who poses as a critic of literature. The meaning of the sentences quoted is, of course, fairly clear; but there are others from which we have managed to extract little but confusion. If we give one or two of these they may serve as specimens of the criticism of the book as a whole. Referring to a poem—which one the author does not make clear—we are told:

Throughout the poem many phrases and expressions indicating that the hero is far removed from the Christian conception of human life, and that in the hero feeling himself the victim of those conventions of society which men have tacitly agreed to respect among themselves, we have the opposite of that character which triumphs through self-suffering and a certain acquiescence in the ways of the world, and does not proclaim its petty griefs from the house-top. . . .

Many a young lad with a gift for rhyming has written as good, if not better, verses than Tennyson did in his teens, and has had the indulgent veto of his little circle as the coming poet, and who afterwards, abandoning verse, would be ashamed of the flatteries of his coterie, which, had they been realised, would have been recalled and printed, but, not realised, they were forgotten.

Other flaws, such as Alfred Austen (for Austin), P. B. Aldrich (T. B. Aldrich), Prosper Merinée (Merimée), etc., may be only misprints; but internal evidence makes us suspicious. The wildest statements are set forth seriously: "few Englishmen understand Ariosto, and without a sympathetic understanding of that gay and bland master Tennyson's *Princess* must remain a sealed book." This is sheer nonsense; and other statements,

some of them true enough, are quite useless. Of what use is it to say that "Tennyson's style is not that of Shelley"? Of course it is not! Or why state dogmatically that "Browning, with his intricate metaphysics, his craggy style, his frequent lapses from melody, and his obscurity, cannot be preferred to the symmetrically expressed thought, the smooth verse, and the Virgilian music of Tennyson"? He is so preferred by many good critics and students, and any assertion to the contrary is superfluous.

One point we must place on the credit side of this sad account; the author has a good chapter on the history and variations of the "Morte d'Arthur" legend, quite interesting, and moderately well written. This is a pleasant oasis in the desert—but alas! the desert is very wide and weary to the traveller in search of refreshment and stimulation, and he is like to give up in despair long before he reaches this lonely resting-place.

### Pioneers of Empire

*History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah, and North-Eastern Frontier.* By COLONEL L. W. SHAKESPEAR, 2nd Goorkhas. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

COLONEL SHAKESPEAR'S observation that there is hardly any part of India less known to the general public than Assam can hardly be accepted as correct, for many people must know of it as "the place where the tea comes from," as Brazil is famous—in "Charley's Aunt"—for its nuts. But, with the exception of those who have lived there, or had relations or friends engaged there in the Services or on the tea-plantations, few persons have any real acquaintance with the province, or with Upper Burmah, or, indeed, care to acquire it. This book contains much information for those who want to know, especially the students of ethnology and archaeology. But it is also a valuable record of the steps by which the frontiers of British India are enlarged, and the dangers to which the pioneers of Empire are exposed. The general reader may well peruse with interest and pride the accounts of the doings of his countrymen in these frontier districts.

There are many indications in the numerous ancient forts, temples, inscriptions and old roads that Assam possessed "a stirring history and an old civilisation," but the causes of its decadence, whether climate, pestilence, or war, cannot be stated. Much has been discovered about its history, the Hindu dynasties, the Mogul invasions, and the tribes which dominated the country. Of the latter, the Ahoms, who gave their name to Assam, are among the principal, and they kept historical records from their arrival about 1220 A.D. There are also notable remains, monoliths, idols, and "stonehenges" which have their tale to tell. Besides the history of internal Assam, Colonel Shakespear describes successively the independent tribes, marked on his maps, of the northern frontier, up to Rima in the north-east, where contact is felt with Tibet and China; and to the south-east between Burmah and China. Many of these tribes dwell in a "no-man's land." They

vary in their characteristics and attitude to the British frontier officers. Some are friendly enough, others give much trouble. Raids to secure human heads have not ceased. Predatory incursions occur and cannot be neglected with impunity. Between 1848 and 1893 five expeditions against the Abors crossed the border, and the sixth expedition of 1911-12 may not be the last. The establishment of military posts has been found the best way of controlling savage tribes, and Military Police Battalions have been organised, capable of quicker mobilisation and action than Regular troops, to deal promptly with them as occasion arises. These tribes, operating in their own country, are not contemptible foes: they have their native methods of fighting, use poisoned arrows, are skilful in ambuscades, treachery, and placing booby-traps and bamboo spikes; some of them possess fire-arms, and, having changed their tactics, have learnt to fight in trenches; their clothing is often scanty, sometimes discarded altogether by both sexes. At one time the official policy was to leave a certain tribe alone, with the result that twenty-two serious raids into British territory were committed within a year: non-interference was shown to be impracticable. Colonel Shakespear has studied the subject of frontier warfare carefully, and with the advantage of personal experience. He is evidently dissatisfied with the policy sometimes adopted, and attributes the various disasters and regrettable incidents of the past to neglect of proper precautions, half-hearted measures and unpreparedness. When the nature of the country, mostly jungly, mountainous, and inaccessible, is remembered, the success generally attained has been remarkable: wild tribes can only be controlled gradually, by patience and the skilful application of superior force.

## International and Municipal Law

*The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and of the United States of America.*  
By CYRIL M. PICCIOTTO. (McBride, Nast and Co. 6s.)

MR. PICCIOTTO'S study of international law as it affects Great Britain and America appears opportunely; it is a book for all who are in any way concerned with the interpretation of the law of nations in its bearing on municipal law, and its value is enhanced by the introduction written by Professor L. Oppenheim.

The disputes of two States often turn upon the way in which they regard international law and the treatment their courts give to its rules. In some States international law is considered to be part of the law of the land and its rules are applied in the courts. In particular, it has often been said that this is the case with England, and that the rules of international law must be applied in our courts, even though English municipal law is directly in conflict with them. To illustrate the practical importance of the question we may take the example of the Orders in Council of 1806 by which Great Britain sought to prevent all neutral

trading with France, and the Order in Council of a few days ago declaring what is virtually though not technically a blockade of Germany. In the former case the question arose, and in the latter it certainly will arise, of a possible conflict between the Orders and international law. This question cannot be answered unless and until we understand the whole relation of international law to the law of England. The problem for the first time has been exhaustively investigated by Mr. Picciotto, and the conclusions at which he arrives are that, on the whole, it is not true to say that international law is part of the law of England or of the United States.

Mr. Picciotto has examined the question from every standpoint, with equal patience and skill. He finds that an act of Parliament is always binding on English courts, although it be in conflict with international law; that in many cases a treaty is not enforceable in our courts unless its provisions are embodied in an Act of Parliament; and that in those cases where there is no conflict between international and English law, before a rule of international law is applied in our courts solid evidence is required that it has been accepted in practice by the great majority of civilised nations, and is not a mere theory of the jurists. In prize courts, however—and in this consists the great topical interest of the book—the author comes to the conclusion that a much wider scope is given to international law, and that it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether by the law of this country an Order in Council would be binding on a prize court if it were clearly in contradiction of international law. In the case of the United States Mr. Picciotto shows that no general statement that international law is part of the law of the land is at all tenable. The broad rule, however, is that a treaty made and ratified by the President, with the consent of the Senate, will be enforced in American courts as though it were an Act of Congress. In general, international law is regarded as the law of the land, unless and until it is contradicted by subsequent municipal law. Mr. Picciotto's study throws light on many obscure points, and should save the international jurist much time which he would otherwise have to spend in investigation. The volume will certainly find its way readily to every legal bookshelf.

## A Clarion Call

*The Sword of Youth.* By JAMES LANE ALLEN. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

FROM far-away Kentucky, scarcely ruffled by the noise of the Old World at war, comes a calm, sweet story of battles long fought and loves long dead, inspired by thoughts of the old struggle and the new. "The author desires to dedicate the English edition of this story—a remembrance of the soldier-youth of the American Civil War—to the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs." So runs the excellent prefatory inscription, and the story itself is worthy of the high expectations thus raised. It is simple enough. A boy,

brought up on his home-farm, left by father and brothers in charge of affairs, declares to his mother that he must go to "do his bit" in the conflict which has taken their lives. He leaves her, and his sweetheart, and starts on his long journey to the front. For two years no letters pass between them; then comes one from his mother, whose opposition has broken down as she feels the approach of death, pleading with him to come and see her. He deserts, with the assistance of a comrade with whom love was stronger than duty; he arrives too late, and in a restrained interview with the girl is told the news. In a note he tells her of his unfailing love, and of his failure in his duty to the army; he tramps back; is wounded, challenged, and pardoned; and the end is happy.

This is the barest outline; it is filled in with Mr. Allen's grave, quiet touches until it becomes a picture in low, pure tones, an *aquarelle* of April, softly glowing, without a smudge or a false stroke in the whole fine scene. The familiar methods are here—the queer, solemn effect produced by conversations in which the answers repeat the words of the questions, the interludes of description in which every phrase illuminates; but in the theme itself Mr. Allen found an opportunity for more thrilling work, and the reply of the young man to his mother, when she resents his determination to join the forces, is magnificent. "Remember," she says, "your father's last words to you."

He raised his arm, shook his finger back at her :  
 "I do remember my father's last words to me !  
 He told me to stay here and be at the head of everything. Long have I heard those words of my father, and long, mother, have I heeded them. But I do not hear them any longer. What I now hear him say to me and have long heard him say is : 'Not there at home, but here where I and your brothers fell. Come and fill one of these places, come and fill all of them, if you can. Whatever you can do for your mother, you can do better here. No longer try to take our places on the farm. Every man, every boy, is needed on the battlefield.' That is what I hear my father say to me, and long have heard him, but have not heeded."

There may have been for her a breath of music in this that struck chords of music in herself, that smote the harp of her griefs. Again she answered and again she forgot him; again her mind passed from the little scene there at her feet to the great scene of the nation far away. She spoke to that :

"The war is nearly closed. It cannot last much longer, not much longer, not much. When it is over, those who survive will go upon the roll of eternal honour : they will be the soldiers of all time. But before it closes there may be some who, knowing that the danger is past and hardship at an end, will steal into the ranks at the last hour to get their names on that immortal list." Now again she remembered him; and she bent over and pointed a finger straight down at him :

"Would you like to be one of those? Are you going to try to claim a soldier's glory without having fought a soldier's battles? Do you wish to go down in history honoured for having done—nothing?"

He was beside himself with rage. He hurled his words back in her face :

"Is it *my* fault that I am not older, or is it yours that you did not bear me sooner? Did I decide when I was to be begotten or when I was to be born? Is it my fault that the war began when it did instead of beginning when it did not? If it is soon to end, then the sooner I am in it the better. Mother, would you see the South whipped and me not facing those who beat her? If this war ends without my going into it, what will my life be? How will I look my children in the eyes when they ask me years from now to tell them stories about it and when I say to them that I stayed at home; that I kindled fires, fed the turkeys, cooked slop for the pigs when there were any pigs? Are you willing to send me through my life along that road?" His nature broke in two, and part of it flowed back to her with the old faltering tenderness : "But I want your consent. Send me away as you sent away each of my brothers!"

There is no need to explain why we have given this long quotation; it sounds as a clarion-call to the young men of England who halt between two opinions to-day. That is the prime note of this book; it reaches the heart by many doors, but by none more truly and straightly than this—the pride of the young man in sharing the heat and burden of the fight. In writing it Mr. Allen has responded splendidly to a splendid impulse, and has again found one of his highest, clearest levels.

#### Two Novels

"ALL hope abandon ye who enter here" forms the keynote of Mr. Patrick MacGill's new novel, "The Rat-Pit" (Herbert Jenkins, 6s.), which describes a lodging for vagrant women in the under-world of Glasgow, "where human beings . . . are hemmed up like the plague-stricken in a pest-house." The author, who made his entrance into the literary world as a navvy poet, created no little sensation last year with "Children of the Dead End." "The Rat-Pit" is a companion story, an arraignment of the horrors of civilisation that is sure to come as a shock to those unacquainted with the tragic life of many an unfortunate social outcast. There is no hope in their world; they congregate in the foetid atmosphere of such low haunts as the Rat-Pit to try to forget in strong drink and sleep the troubles of a sordid existence. Mr. MacGill paints a terrible picture, but over-detail robs it of much of its force, and there is a lack of individuality about his characters. Nevertheless the book is a strong indictment of a shocking state of affairs which will prove a revelation to many readers.

Eirene Wigram selects a title, "Alan ! Alan !" (John Murray, 6s.), which is sufficient to give anyone the shivers; and the story deals with murder and sudden death in holiday-making Switzerland, and an African past, which, to say the least, seems rather nebulous, though perhaps that is all one can expect out of a dark continent. The same may be said of the trial of Madeleine Leigh and of the solution of the mystery, which are lacking in clearness, but which, if the author had chosen to be more painstaking, would have made her story a good one. As it is, it fails to grip the reader, though in parts it promises to do so.

## Shorter Notices

### The British Empire

Sir Charles Lucas has written so much and so often on the British Empire, his opportunities for the study of his subject both from the inside and the outside have been so unique, that it is a foregone conclusion any summary of Imperial history in his hands would be of special value. There are many short histories of the Empire, but none better than, perhaps none quite so good as, "The British Empire" (Macmillan and Co., 2s. net), which Sir Charles Lucas describes as six lectures—a description which hardly encourages expectation of so complete and consistent a work. The little volume is published in a frankly propagandist spirit, and to those who sometimes talk glibly of the Empire without taking the trouble to read its history or understand its constitution and character a few hours spent with Sir Charles Lucas will be a revelation. It is indeed about as neat an answer as could be desired to the German argument that the British Empire is a selfish and an evil thing and should be resolved into its elements (for the benefit of altruistic and Kulturist Germany, of course). If recent events have not put all Little Englanders to shame, Sir Charles Lucas is capable of covering them with confusion by a mere recital of facts. We sometimes are told that what Germany is prepared to do to-day we have done in the past, and whatever the merits of the British Empire, with its freedom and its unity, the whole thing was largely based on "force and fraud." Sir Charles Lucas shows how we came by each portion of it, and if every page in our history has not been in strict accord with morality, the whole undoubtedly reflects credit on the integrity and the largeness of spirit, equalled only by the courage of pioneer and of soldier and sailor, which have gone to the upbuilding of the British Empire. Indeed, in at least one instance we behaved more generously than even Sir Charles Lucas shows, but that only goes to prove that he does not over-state his case in this admirable short history.

### A Polish Review

The first number of *La Revue de Pologne*, which is to appear at the beginning and middle of each month, has just been issued in Paris. It contains a valuable collection of official documents relating to the Polish side of the war, an account of the Polish forces who form a unit of the Russian army, a review of international opinion affecting Poland, and much matter not easily available elsewhere, both as to the country and its international position. The magazine, which is edited by M. Antoni Potocki, will have the double effect of diffusing information as to Poland itself and of making clear beyond question on which side her interests and her sympathies lie. Poland, with its tragic past, is one of the small nations whose chances in the future depend entirely on the success of the Allies. *La Revue de Pologne* will be welcomed by all who would be informed. Copies may be obtained from the office, 12, Rue de l'Université, Paris, price 1 franc.

### Solitude, Lunch, and Books

Being presented with a piece of land on the Canadian side of Niagara, the author, Mrs. Julia Cruikshank, and her husband—E., as she rather irritatingly calls him throughout "Whirlpool Heights" (G. Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net)—spend as much time camping out in the beautiful neighbourhood as they possibly can. The book is in the form of a diary, and records the

happenings of each day, Mrs. Cruikshank's views on solitude, books, and magazines—and the details of every meal. By far the best part of the daily record are the author's views and opinions of bookmen and books; for, although she is evidently greatly impressed by the charming scenery on all sides of their temporary dwelling-place, she does not convey to the reader any particularly thrilling revelation of its glory. But when she is dealing with the makers of books she is on much surer ground; her deductions give pause for thought, and in the main seem to be those of a woman who has an intellectual and healthy outlook on life. Her reading is wide and various, and it is naturally pleasing to note that THE ACADEMY is never absent from her table. She often enjoys a pleasant hour with one of her many favourite writers, and the reader can do no better than pay a similar compliment to the author of "Whirlpool Heights."

## The Theatre Revival and Survival

IT has been agreed long ago that Messager's composition, "Veronique," is a fascinating affair. We may not be quite sure that the British public like it quite as well as less delicate work, but, in any case, the Easter holiday crowds appeared delighted to welcome the revival at the Adelphi Theatre. Everything that the management could do to assure success has been carried out. Added to many such general favourites as Miss Amy Augarde or Miss Elise Craven are new-comers, welcome as spring. Comparisons between the present and past casts seem both tedious and, in the present state of the theatre world, a little unfair. It is enough to say that all the old lovers of "Veronique" will be reminded of past unforgotten happy days, and all new lovers of light music will learn that at least as much cleverness is required to write in the vein of the "Swing" and "Letter" songs and, indeed, in the manner of the whole piece, as that needed for many a weighty work. In no case is a victory in the direction of refinement and gaiety more victoriously shown than in Messager's "Veronique."

### "Sealed Orders"

This is, perhaps, the happiest of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's and Mr. Henry Hamilton's clever attempts to fit the audiences of Drury Lane Theatre. It survives with ease just now because it can be adapted to the circumstances of the moment with excellent effect. Everyone knows the exciting story which begins with an admirably arranged robbery and goes on to give us pictures of the sea and battleships and more than a hint of international struggle. We consider "Sealed Orders" by far the most convincing of Mr. Arthur Collins' many productions, and as it is now played by that fine actor Mr. Sass, those capital students of character, Mr. E. H. Kelly and Mr. Ronald Squire, and with Miss Marie Illington in the part which the late Miss Fanny Brough made so telling, and the rest of the excellent company, it well deserves a long run.

EGAN MEW.

## Maxims of the Kulturists

BY EGAN MEW

It's better to have lost and lied  
Than never to have lied at all.  
(Wolff Bureau.)

"Might is right, sink at sight,"  
Thus will I carry on the light;  
And in passing I'll nod  
To our old Prussian God—  
So I'm sure He will know I am right.  
(Letters from William to his People.)

It's not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, my children;  
We'll make the Austro-Hungarians and the Turks have  
a try.  
(Ibid.)

All the world's a rage  
And all the men and women  
Merely slayers.  
(The German Author, Shakespeare.)

He that maketh haste to be innocent shall not be rich.  
(Proverb of a Crown Prince.)

The women and the children first.  
(Hunnish War Cry.)

We know it's hard to die, but in Poland, at least, I  
can make it much more difficult to be alive.  
(Old Saw by Von Hindenburg.)

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain,  
And sweet is death which puts an end to pain."  
(Original "Love Lyrics to Belgium.")

"I love it, I love it, and who shall stand  
And chide me for loving my neighbour's land?"  
(Ibid.)

"To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part  
Makes up the life we offer ev'ry conquered heart."  
(Ibid.)

We are so noble in our own esteem that we are  
obliged to seem a little crude to the rest of the world;  
otherwise we should lose our balance, which, of course,  
is absurd.  
(Wisdom of Bethmann-Holweg.)

## I.

Gather the loot in while ye may,  
Von Zeppelin still is flighting,  
But these fair lands that smile to-day  
To-morrow will be biting.

## II.

That glorious gun of heaven, the Krupp,  
The higher he is shelling,  
The sooner will his race be up,  
No longer victory spelling.

## III.

That time is best that is the first,  
When Uhlan blood is warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.  
(Advice of Eminent Parents to their Sons.)

We are the God-destined friends of all the nations  
of the world, and in the adversity of our best friends  
we often find something which does not displease us.  
(The German Rochefoucauld.)

There's nothing half so dear in life  
As war's red stream.

(A aphorism of a Kulturist.)

## MOTORING

ONE of the interesting problems just now is what  
will be the effect of the war on the future of the  
motor industry? Will there come a slump in the de-  
mand or will there be a boom? From all we can gather  
the boom is the more probable, and if that is likely  
it is obvious that the time to think about buying a car  
is not when peace is reached, but now. One direction  
from which we understand orders are to be looked for  
is Russia, which hitherto has taken the majority of  
her cars from either Germany or Italy. Inquiries have  
certainly been active recently among makers with a  
view to Russian requirements in the future; dealers in  
Russia have taken time by the forelock and are arrang-  
ing to secure cars from both England and America.  
Russia's vast spaces, the certainty that business in  
Russia will undergo immense expansion in the next few  
years, and her natural desire to promote relations with  
Great Britain, all serve to suggest that the big makers  
like Napier and others will have their hands pretty  
full of Russian orders just so soon as the way is clear  
for delivery. Russia herself has not so far shown  
much aptitude for motor car manufacture. She lacks  
the expert workman and she has not been able to com-  
pete in the cost of manufacture with the Germans and  
Italians. A differential tariff in favour of her Allies—  
hitherto her duty on motor cars has been low—would  
do much to ensure that orders went in the right  
direction.

## The City

ATTER the holidays things are a little quieter than  
they were at the beginning of last week, but the  
tendency is pretty cheerful. The further issue of  
£15,000,000 of Treasury Bills, which were taken up at a  
discount of 3½ per cent., is regarded as proof that the  
Government and the banks are joining hands in an effort  
to improve the conditions in Lombard Street. Another  
£15,000,000 will be offered next Tuesday. The rates for  
money have been absurdly low, and any step which tends  
to make them more remunerative will undoubtedly be  
welcome. On the Stock Exchange gilt-edged securities  
have been steady though there has been little business.  
The War Loan, Consols, the Queensland and New South  
Wales Loans have not gone back, notwithstanding that  
inquiries for scrip were few and far between. The Russian  
5 per cent. Loan has been in some demand, and both  
Japanese and Chinese derived some advantage from the  
reported improvement in the outlook in the Far East. The  
rise in the price of copper encouraged buying of copper  
shares, and Amalgamated have again reached the pre-war

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level. Rubber and Oil shares are firm, certain rubber shares like Anglo-Malays apparently being in real request. Some of the rubber companies are working a long way short of original estimates. There is the Shelford, for instance. Its report shows an output of 157,000 lbs. for the year, against a revised estimate of 175,000 lbs.; in 1912 it was originally expected to produce as much as 195,000 lbs.; in 1914 its output was nearly 40,000 lbs. less than the optimist looked for some two years previously. Brewery shares have not been materially affected by the King's decision to keep the Royal table free of all alcoholic liquors during the remainder of the war. Whilst it is certain the King's example will be widely followed, it is not considered that firms of the highest standing like Guinness and others will be badly hit. The working man to whom so drastic a lead has been given does not indulge in Bass or Guinness; the makers of cheaper kinds of beer are likely to feel the pinch most.

The full report of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada shows a net decrease of £1,023,408 in gross traffic receipts, only one-third of which was accounted for by shortage on passenger traffic. Working expenses were down by £412,648 and were nearly 78 per cent. of gross receipts in 1914 as against nearly 74 per cent. in 1913. These figures explain why the directors have been able to pay no more than 3½ per cent. on the Guaranteed Stock and have had to pass over the First, Second and Third Preference altogether.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society—known as the Old Equitable—is in its 153rd year and is so strongly placed that its excellent return for 1914 was not surprising whatever the war conditions. As a matter of fact its new net business in 1914 was considerably larger than that for 1913. The Old Equitable pays no commission and consequently its ratio of expense to premium income is low, amounting to less than 6½ per cent. It is good to see the veterans among insurance offices easily holding their own with the younger and very vigorous competitors who are for ever discovering attractive baits for the capture of the un- or under-insured.

## CORRESPONDENCE

THE WAR AND AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—I am glad to see that "Imperial Federation" is cropping up again in England, and in THE ACADEMY more especially. Perhaps I have employed rather an unfortunate title, "Zollverein"—because of the "German" nomenclature—yet I cannot very well find a more expressive one in such connection, since an Imperial Zollverein, or Imperial Federation founded on a free Customs basis, is exactly what I mean: Free Trade within and throughout the British Empire, and high tariffs on all foreign imports. I mean, also, something more, for I hope to live to see the day when there will not only be a well-established and well-rounded Federation of the British Empire, but a British Imperial Military and Naval Service, quite independent of political parties, and freed from all political entanglements, whose sole duty it shall be to safeguard the whole Empire, endowed with unlimited powers to that end; a Service, or Imperial Cabinet, so to speak, comprised of select representatives from all parts of the Empire, or Free British Commonwealths, in due proportion. Who can doubt now the necessity of this? And when was, or when could there ever be, a more fitting time and opportunity? Nor will either Time or Opportunity ever offer again! It is a question purely of life

or death to England and the Empire. There can be no drawing back, no sense in hesitation or procrastination. The hour is ripe, the issues are momentous; and the moment the war is fought to a finish action on such lines must be taken: action, or else disintegration. Nor are there now any longer, I should think, any "Little Englanders" extant; even they must have been rudely awoken to a higher, deeper, and truer realisation of the perils attending such benightedness. And surely the darkness of English pessimists and the incredulity of "Little Englanders" of the past regarding the inherent force and ability of the English nation to wrestle successfully against what they apparently once deemed insurmountable odds and "Destiny" must have been dispelled this time!

Has not England, and have not all Britons, nobly responded to the call of duty and to the necessities of the hour, and amply proved the true mettle and traditional courage of the race and of all its offshoots? Hence the imperative necessity, while the iron is hot, and while the blood is warm, to strike an effective blow that shall weld in indissoluble bonds the whole Empire. For while pure "sentiment" is a mighty factor, there is imminent peril in trusting solely to it in British Imperial relation, since, owing to the ever-increasing influences which attend the peopling of the widely scattered and thinly populated sections of the Empire—in the Antipodes, in North America, and in South Africa—it must needs follow that racial affections and Imperial interests will gradually wane and frequently clash unless practical and sagacious measures are adopted to ensure the closer union and common interests and safety of all. The commercial and industrial interests of all must be considered and promoted in order to assure and conserve the Union—when sentiment will not only prevail as purely as ever, but will become constantly more common and more effective. An Imperial Zollverein does not involve any sacrifice of Free Trade principles; it would simply mean Free Trade on a far more rational and effective scale than ever before—for England and for the whole Empire. Nor would it, wisely contrived, involve the slightest additional cost of living to the British consumer, since there is nothing required by the people of the British Isles that the Empire could not produce in plenty and to spare. It would simply mean an immense expansion of resources and development of agricultural and mineral resources, and increased prosperity throughout our realms.

Your obedient servant,  
EDWIN RIDLEY.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### WAR BOOKS.

*War Verses, and Others.* By Irene Hammond. (The St. Catherine Press. 1s. net.)

*Who Is To Blame?* By C. T. Gorham. (Watts and Co. 3d. net.)

*War and Rational Politics.* By C. W. Hayward. (Watts and Co. 1s. net.)

*Japan Our Ally.* By W. Crewdson, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)

### FICTION.

*The Scotchman and I.* By An Englishwoman. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

*The Chronicles of the Imp.* By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low and Co. 3s. 6d.)

*The House of the Foxes.* By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

*Hocken and Hunken.* By "Q." New Edition. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1s.)

*The Holy Flower.* By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

*Mrs. Barnet Robes.* By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (John Lane. 6s.)

*The Voyage Out.* By Virginia Woolf. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

*The Splendid Blackguard.* By Roger Pocock. (John Murray. 6s.)

*Behind the Thicket.* By W. E. B. Henderson. (Max Goschen. 6s.)

*The Keeper of the Door.* By E. M. Dell. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

*Just Because.* By Margaret Peterson. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

*"To Arms!"* By W. H. Williamson. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

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### POETRY, THE DRAMA, ETC.

*Vineleaves.* By Arthur Lewis. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

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*Songs from the Clay.* By James Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

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